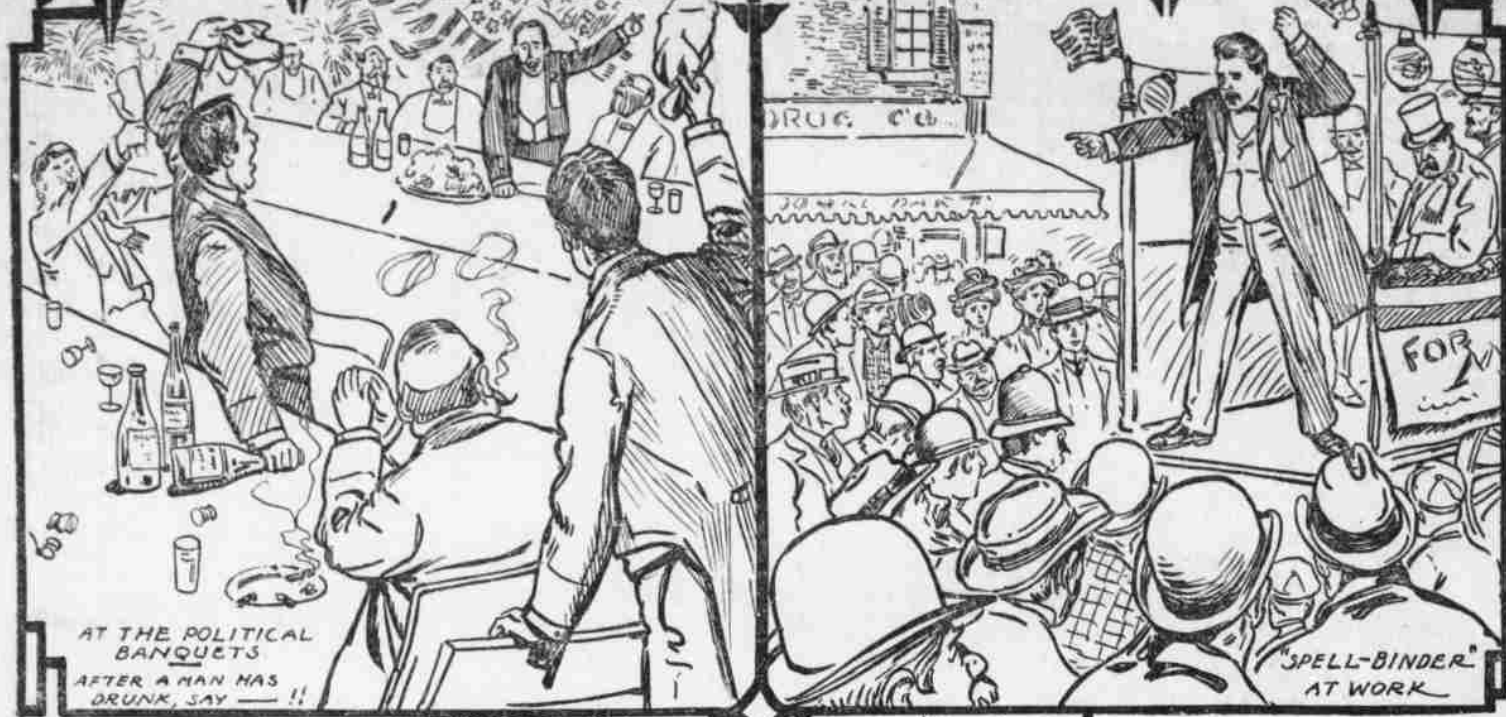


POLITICAL "JAW-SMITHS" AND THEIR WAYS

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY



A POLITICAL orator is a man of verbal luxuriance, and nearly always the shallowest of sophists. There is usually little to be gained in what he says, but, to the groundlings, there is a deep significance in the way he says it. We had orators in the ward and in the city, the common, native garden variety of "wind-jammers," and the exotic, or imported variety of "jawsmiths." Oratory at its best is rather a lost art, and the political orator is a good example of a lost art. We never expected to influence voting in the ward on account of speech-making. The Republicans went to Republican meetings, and the Democrats went to Democratic gatherings, and the applause that the speakers received was simply the "jolly" that their own crowd was handing them, and there you had it.

Occasionally a man might drift in where some really witty and able talker was rousing out the "chin-music," and be impressed a little, but after he had gone home and slept over it, and appeared at the polls, he would get the same old ticket and vote it in the same old way. I heard the orators in an early day who were orators, but did not hear them in the political campaigns. "Bolt" Ingersoll and Emory Stors were orators the like of whom I shall hardly hear again, but it was not for me to be dazzled by the glittering generalities or clumsy platitudes of these "silver-tongued" orators of the hustings, no matter whether they were of my own party or not. I liked a good, sensible talk, but the average line of "bunk" handed out by the ground and lofty tumbler of the city campaigns was something to make a man laugh.

And yet the custom had grown so strong that nothing could apparently stop it. There was always the committee on halls, and the committee on speakers, and there was a racing and chasing of cabs and a mounting of platforms by anxious candidates, and a great desire to present to the citizens the "issues of the day" and solicit their suffrages on election day.

And who attended these meetings? Why, mainly, the "boys." The precinct captains, the members of the ward clubs, the hangers-on that only knew Andrew Jackson as the name of a cigar, the men on the pipe-extension stangs, the ward superintendent, the men down in the city hall, the sewer diggers, laborers, etc., who are working for the city, and the "pay-roll brigade" in general.

And where was the private citizen? Why, he was at home, reading the evening paper, playing with the cat, having a quiet little game of "cinch" at ten cents a "corner." Five cents a "set-up" and Tommy around to the Dutchman's with the big white pitcher. Much he cared for oratory. If he got a letter from the managers of the campaign, or maybe a letter from a mayoralty candidate, he opened it and read it, and possibly speculated a little as to the truth of it, but, as a rule, he did not bother himself much as to the meetings.

There was an exception to this, however, when the candidate for alderman or the candidate for mayor appeared in a ward. Then the citizens generally went to the meetings. But not to hear what were gibberish termed "issues" discussed. But to look at the candidate, size him up, and see whether they liked him, and if he looked like a man who could fill the job. They didn't care for his "oratory," unless he could tell them a good story, or "roast" the opposition candidates wittily, and then he was indeed a "star."

The appearance of the mayoralty candidate was, of course, the great event of a ward campaign, and filled the halls to overflowing. Boys and women in the galleries, and even the aisles jammed. Perhaps some "silver-tongued" would be making the welkin ring with a passionate declamatory burst about "the thirteen struggling colonies," "these are the times that try men's souls," "when in the course of human events," or some other "guff" borrowed from a school history, a war pamphlet or the declaration of independence, when all at once there would be a shuffle at the other end of the hall.

"Here he comes," and "there he is!" would be the whispers and signals, and the great man or great man would approach through the center aisle attended by a cordon of followers like the attendant plot-fishes to his majesty the shark, or more properly speaking, like the attendant porpoises on the whale.

The "silver-tongued" "bunk-shooter" would then grasp the hands of the great men, to show how close he was to be throne, and would gently but firmly subside, and "the Real Thing" would proceed to address the meeting.



Close attention was always shown to the mayoralty and aldermanic candidates and to no one else. And what the audience was always trying to figure out was "what kind of a man is he?" and not "what are the issues?" And so the orators soared in and out of the issues like a swallow's flight above a river, and their analysis of the questions of the day left as much an impression on their hearers' minds as the bird's flight does in the air above the river's current.

But they were watching him, and shrewdly or otherwise making up their minds as to his sincerity, his courage, his honesty and his general ability to fill the office he was seeking. The main issue was always something that no one, not even the originators of it, really understood. It was usually based on a strictly scientific degree of accuracy. It started from self-evident and bitterly contested conclusion, and arrived in a labyrinth of contradiction from which there was no outlet. The celebrated traction issue, for instance, was one on which several campaigns were fought, and no honest man ever really pretended to understand it. The question had as many angles to it as three-cushion carom billiards, and as fast as one perfect solution to the puzzle was offered, something would bob up that would change the status of affairs and make it as much of a mystery as before.

The main uses of campaign oratory in the wards was to enthrall the workers, to get the "hustlers" in the various precincts busy in getting out the votes. To do this required that the speaker descend from the high trap of flowery declamation and talk about the practical benefits to be derived by a party victory. "The thirteen struggling colonies" were all right in their place, but that was several years back, and what the workers wanted to hear about was the patronage to be distributed, the possibility of jobs and positions when the victory was gained, and "what there was in it for them."

The business and professional men of the ward followed their callings on precisely the same plan. They, also, were looking in their line for pecuniary rewards and emolument. Yet they sneered at the politicians. What difference did it make to a fellow who was out of a place in the city collector's office, whether a measure of public policy smacked of Hamiltonianism or Jeffersonianism? What he wanted was the job. So a great deal of the local political oratory was practical to a degree.

At the political banquets, however, the real oratory was supposed to be uncooked, and we always attended these banquets, usually at from three to five dollars "a throw," or a plate, as the more polite termed it. But the science of after-dinner speaking—post-prandial oratory, as it is called, is largely dependent upon extraneous conditions; and particularly as to the state of receptivity on the part of the audience. After a man has drunk, say two or three glasses of sauterne, a couple of glasses of claret, and four or five or eleven glasses of champagne, he is usually in a very uncritical condition. And almost any flowery "bunk" goes with him as something grand.

But just let a man stick to "little old aqua pura" all during the banquet; let him up-end his glass and say: "Nay, nay, Pauline," to the teetering waiters who hover near with the Bacchanalian fluids, and "what a change is there, my country-men," in the judgment of the post-prandial slush that is ladled out to him. The Joe

Miller jests and learned by heart orations of the speakers fall on an inattentive ear; and he cannot be lured into wild and unreasoning applause over some well-known quotation which has been delivered by an orator with the air of "I've just thought of that."

Political oratory is composed of the usual two classes of all oratory, to wit: prepared and impromptu. Prepared oratory is oratory which has been admitted gotten up beforehand and which the speaker is ready to hand out to the reporters on type-written sheets before the banquet. Impromptu oratory is oratory which the speaker has learned by heart and refuses to give copies of, although it has been written out carefully. This compels the attendance of short-hand reporters to take it down. When the stenographers take it down, the impromptu orators will sometimes give a favored paper an exact copy of the speech, so as to have it printed correctly.

It may be hinted that all this savors of the cynicism of the man who envies the accomplishment of oratory to the "silver-tongued" tribe. Far from it! I have "been there." Horatio, and have on occasion aroused the plaudits of the banqueters myself. The most pronounced success I ever had in that way was a little impromptu gem that I delivered before a "stone sober" crowd one time. I had been

AND HE DIDN'T GET PAPER

Cleveland Man the Victim of Most Unlucky Episodes.

When the boy would essay to throw the morning paper in on the porch at an East End man's home the paper would occasionally land on the roof of the porch.

Now, this man always likes to read his paper the minute he gets out of bed in the morning. It is always a hardship to him to have to wait until he gets dressed and then crawl out after the paper.

A few mornings ago he was particularly anxious to glance over the panorama of the preceding day's events, and as the air was comparatively warm, he was tempted to scamper out on the roof after the paper just as he was. His wife was downstairs getting breakfast. She would have been horrified at the idea of him going out on the roof just in his nightie, but he looked up and down the street and saw that no one was in sight, and

ONE POINT IN OUR FAVOR

Might Not Build Cars, But America Has the Railroads.

At Briarcliff Manor, the day before the great motor race, Barney Oldfield said to a reporter:

"Here is a good one on the foreign cars. Do you see that young millionaire with the strap and buckle arrangement on his low shoes? Well, he was doing the south last month in a French limousine.

"Between two towns there was a steep, rough, soft hill. With his heavy limousine the millionaire got stuck on it. He had to turn back.

"Well back in the town they advised him to ship the limousine on in a flat car of the local freight that was just about to pull out. He wise

given my subject six months before, had had written and re-written my talk all out, at least a dozen times. I had polished it, and adorned it with slayish care, and had blended with it various thoughts and quotations from the poets and the philosophers. You don't have to use quotation marks in oratory, and anyway, I did not know where these gentlemen had stolen their stuff from.

I type-wrote this talk, and let it lie a couple of months, and then went over it again, shortening some of the long sentences, and rearranging and shifting until I got it down as fine as it was possible for me to do. Then I learned it absolutely by heart. I could say it backwards or forwards, begin in the middle and write it either way. I knew it better than the multiplication table or the alphabet. I "orated it" until I had, as I thought, all the proper inflections, even to a little stumble, a little "eloquent pause" where I was supposed to be overcome by the strength of my emotions. It was really a very hard job, the getting up of this little "impromptu," and one which I should hardly care to tackle again just for the sake of doing some one a favor.

Finally I had the thing down letter perfect, and the day and occasion arrived for my "setting it off." Now some "impromptu" speakers make the mistake of "spelling" their piece right off "the books" without giving themselves any time for "inspiration." This is a fatal mistake, and the most obtuse will not be deceived if you begin at top speed with your "fire-works." But I had heard too many impromptu speakers to be lured into such a false position. The proper way is to select something about the particular occasion, something about your fancy and then start in with a few halting sentences about that. Something of this sort, for instance: "As I stand on this spot today, I feel incapable of adequately voicing the feelings that the time and the occasion would call up in the breast of a real orator." Or "I am glad to be with you here, my friends, today; and this audience, and the event which we are called upon to celebrate, only makes me feel my shortcomings as a speaker." Or "As I entered the hall today I caught sight of," etc., etc.

And then, when you have edged in with one or two airy common-places you can come in with your "siss, boom, AH!" verbal pyrotechnics, and give the audience a sure-enough "impromptu" exhibition.

The unlabeled will say: "Ain't he a corker?"

The man that "is next" will reply: "G'wan; I'll bet it took him six months to frame that up."

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.
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DECEPTION IN MOVE

FUTILITY OF THE "AFTER ELECTION" TALK.

Republican Leaders Ready Enough to Promise Tariff Reform in the Hope of Once More Deluding the Voters.

It's very comical to see the anxiety of some Republican politicians for tariff reform. There is Uncle Shelby Moore Cullom, of Illinois, who has been senator from Illinois for the past 24 years, and a member of the house of representatives for 16 years before that, now says "we must have tariff reform."

Uncle Shelby probably does not care whether "the principle of protection" is again endorsed by the Republican party, or whether a maximum and minimum tariff, which would raise the tariff higher, is the outcome "after election," but he wants it understood that before election he is for reform of the boldest kind without specifying what schedules shall be abolished or revised.

Your Uncle Shelby is no better or worse than the average Republican politician, and his bold pronouncement for tariff reform "immediately after election" is a strong indication that the great majority of the people of Illinois have been clamoring for tariff reform before election, and that it is the part of wisdom to try and console them with a promise for the future.

Can the people of Illinois be kept in line for the Republican party again by promises? What will they do to Uncle Shelby and the other Republican politicians who represent them if their favorite son, Uncle Joe Cannon, is re-elected speaker again, and persists in appointing a stand pat ways and means committee like the present one that laughs and gibes at tariff reform of the slightest kind? Uncle Joe is backed by all the power and money of the trusts, and nothing but a political revolution will unhorse him.

In fact, nothing but a Democratic majority in congress, continued for at least four years, will reform the tariff. If the Democrats control the house of representatives of the next congress and pass a tariff reform bill, your Uncle Shelby will probably vote in the senate against it. But even if he, forced by public opinion, should vote for a tariff reform bill, there are more than enough friends of the trusts and combines in the senate to defeat it.

It is no good to try and fool the people with promises all the time. If they want tariff reform they must not only elect a Democratic house of representatives, but a Democratic majority in the senate also. The people of Illinois will have the opportunity of defeating the re-election of Senator Hopkins this fall, if they really want tariff reform, but they will have to elect a Democratic state legislature to do so. There are over 20 states that will have a similar opportunity. But will they do it? Two years later they will elect 30 more United States senators and it will need a majority of these to be Democrats to assure tariff reform. Any reform of value that will prevent the trusts from charging high prices, or from selling cheaper abroad than at home, will never come from the Republican party as now constituted.

The voters who want reform will have to be steadfast in well doing, for it will take a long pull and a strong pull to force the trusts to give up their strangle hold on the American people.

Negroes May Defeat Taft.

In view of Senator Forsaker's appeal to the negro voters to oppose Roosevelt and Taft in the campaign of 1908, and the manifest inclination of the negroes to act in accordance with Forsaker's advice, the Providence Journal gives some interesting statistics relating to the distribution of the negro population of American cities. From this it appears that Mount City, Ill., has the largest percentage of negroes in its population of any other city, the percentage in 1900 being 43. In some other cities it is very large, as shown by the following table: Cairo, Ill., 40 per cent.; Washington, D. C., 31 per cent.; New Orleans, La., 27 per cent.; Atlantic City, N. J., 23.5 per cent.; Baltimore, Md., 15 per cent.; Evansville, Ind., 13 per cent.; Indianapolis, Ind., 9.5 per cent.; Columbus, O., 6.5 per cent.; St. Louis, Mo., 6 per cent.; Philadelphia, Pa., 5 per cent.; Pittsburg, Pa., 4.5 per cent.; Cincinnati, O., 4.5 per cent.; New York, N. Y., 2 per cent.; Boston, Mass., 2 per cent.; Chicago, Ill., 2 per cent.

The number of negroes in Baltimore is 79,000; in Philadelphia, 62,000; in New York, 60,000; in St. Louis, 35,000; in Chicago, 30,150; in Pittsburg, 29,355; in Cincinnati, 14,000; in Boston, 11,000.

Evidently the negroes, led by Forsaker, will be an important factor in the coming election. If half of them vote against Taft, he will be defeated at the polls in November.

Not Pointed To with Pride.

Among the doings of the Sixtieth congress to which Republican organs are pointing with pride, there is no emphatic mention of the more than \$1,000,000,000 of the people's money, measuring by weight 92 carloads in gold, which the congress has voted away in a season of financial depression—a season of hard times and of suffering for many thousands of honest and industrious American workers.

The cut in the appropriation for national advisory boards is a body blow at publicity as an administration remedy. Men of eminence must be paid for their services when they are expected to advise something so desirable and difficult that it will not be possible to do it until the next generation.

If Republican publishers get a wood pulp "plank" to suit them they can stand on it and wait for the millennium they expect for themselves when they are made exceptions to the system of mutual rapine they are supporting for other people.

RETURN TO WILDCAT CURRENCY.

Vicious Features Contained in Bill Passed by the Republicans.

The Republican party as represented in congress has passed a currency bill that will eventually plague them. All the Democrats and 14 Republicans voted against it in the house, and Senator La Follette tried to talk it to death in the senate, where four Republican senators also voted against it. It must be a very bad bill that would force such a large number of Republicans to bolt their party on the eve of a national election. It is a great victory for the Rockefeller interests and the chief feature of it, which was in the original Aldrich bill—the issue of currency with railroad and other bonds as security—by individual banks will give the National City bank control of millions to further rig the stock market. Such bonds are to be accepted at 90 per cent. of their market value, and we may be sure that the price of such bonds will be boosted accordingly, whatever their real value may be.

The asset, or wildcat currency scheme of the bill, is intended as a sop to the asset school of finance, and commercial paper is to be accepted as security for currency at 75 per cent. of its face value. The attempt to make the bill popular by the requirement that the banks pay one per cent. on government deposits is made harmless to the big banks which are government depositaries for they are not required to pay even this small interest rate.

How vicious the bill is will take time to develop, for even the experts of the United States treasury do not yet know its full powers. The New York banks are organizing to be ready to issue currency under its provisions, and from their haste to do so, there is fear that a recurrence of the panic is possible. It must be remembered that the United States treasury will be in no condition to assist the banks when the annual squeeze for money comes this fall. What a financial mess the Republican party has produced by its tinkering methods.

DEMOCRATIC FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Republican Disfranchisement Plan a Serious Menace.

The Democratic party must make a good fight this year, for its existence as an important political power is to be preserved. Its position is already seriously threatened by Republican sentiment, which appears in various parts of the country to favor an enforcement of section 2 of the fourteenth amendment to the constitution. This would reduce the representation in congress and in the electoral college of those states in which the negro has been disfranchised.

The Ohio Republican platform contains a plank on the subject, and Representative Keifer of that state has introduced into congress a bill to the same purpose. This measure was, of course, not passed at the recent session, but if the country should go overwhelmingly Republican next fall it will unquestionably be heard of again.

If the second section of the fourteenth amendment were enforced, the south's representation in congress would be reduced from 98 to 61, and there would be a proportional reduction in electoral votes. At present there are only 37 Democrats in congress, outside of New York city.

Unless great Democratic gains are made in the north, the Democratic party will be reduced to something like 100 members in congress, and its influence in national politics will be greatly lessened.—Chicago Journal (Rep.)

Extravagance of Congress.

In opposing the president's proposition for four more battleships in the present session of congress Representative Tawney of Minnesota said that "in preparation for war the United States, with an army of 52,000 men and a navy of 42,000, is expending this year only \$66,000,000 less than England, with an army of 204,000 men and a navy of 129,000 men; only \$35,000,000 less than Germany, with her army of 600,000 and her navy of 62,000, and we are spending \$2,682,000 more than France, with her army of 550,000 men and her navy of 56,000." These are portentous words for the Republican party, which is in control of all branches of the government. The man who uttered them is chairman of the house appropriations committee and one of the Republican leaders of that chamber. Moreover, the appropriations for the army and navy which he denounced thus when they were before the house have been increased since that time. They are larger than in any year except during the civil war and the Spanish war periods. This immense outlay in time of profound peace is, considering the relatively diminutive size of our army and navy, discreditable to the Republican party, and may prove dangerous to it.—Leaside's Weekly.

Glorious Record for the Bosses.

"On the whole the Republican party has reason to be pleased with the work of the session." Of course it has,—for the present, at least. The congress has dodged every issue that promised to make trouble for the party. Every Republican member who threatened to talk indiscreetly in the interests of his constituents has been rigidly suppressed, and the session closes in a happy atmosphere of unanimity among members of the majority.

It is a glorious record—for the bosses and the machine men. But the voters have yet to pass upon it.

While God gives me life I will not by my act take from any citizen . . . any right which is given to another.—Joseph G. Cannon.

Democratic congressmen who have found it difficult to catch the speaker's eye should paste this in their hats.

It seems a shame that such effectively prearranged spontaneity as marked the progress of the Taft boom should be marred by acrimonious differences of opinion as to which was the biggest man in the bunch of prearrangers.

KIND THOUGHT OF THE BRIDE.

Possibly Turned Silly Custom Into Something Really Worth While.

"The most considerate girl I ever knew got married yesterday," said the man. "She showed her thoughtfulness in a most unusual way. The day before the wedding she called the attention of the rest of the family to a row of old shoes standing in a downstairs closet.

"I want you to throw these after the carriage," she said. "They are all mated. I collected them to throw away. I learned some time ago that certain poor souls who have hard work to get clothes of any description keep a lookout for big weddings. They hang around the house at going-away time and pick up the good luck shoes. Maybe they get a fit, and maybe they don't. Anyway, I've done all I could to accommodate them.

"Here are six pairs of shoes to be fired after me. If somebody doesn't get fitted in that collection, it isn't my fault."

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

Afridi's Simple Explanation of His Easy Victory.

Many of the hill tribesmen in India join the British side and become most valuable recruits. Some years ago in a campaign against the Afridis one of the columns was much annoyed by a persistent "sniper" who followed it daily. Eventually one of the newly joined Afridi recruits requested leave to fall out for a couple of hours to settle the trouble. At the end of the time he strolled in placidly and flung down the head of the sniper.

On being congratulated by his officer and asked how he had managed to find his enemy so quickly, he replied laconically: "I know his ways, sahib."

"Why," said the officer, "was he a friend of yours?"

"My father, sahib!"

She Knew the Place.

The elderly matron with the bundles, who was journeying to a point in Wisconsin, and occupied a seat near the middle of the car, had fallen asleep. On the seat in front of her sat a little boy. The brakeman opened the door of the car and called out the name of the station the train was approaching. The elderly woman roused herself with a jerk.

"Where are we now, Bobby?" she asked.

"I don't know, grandma," answered the little boy.

"Didn't the brakeman say something just now?"

"No. He just stuck his head inside the door and sneezed."

"Help me with these things, Bobby!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "This is Oshkosh. It's where we get off."—Youth's Companion.

Her Explanation.

Otto E. Schaar, president of the Walters' club of New York, in a recent argument on tipping, said to his opponent, sharply: "Your reply reminds me of a woman's reply in a German court. This woman was accused of poisoning her husband. The prosecuting attorney said to her: 'You have heard enough arsenic to kill ten persons. What have you to say?' 'My husband,' the woman answered, 'was a big eater.'"

It is a foolish habit to borrow trouble or meet it half way. Cultivate a cheerful mind and heart, and much imaginary trouble will be avoided.—Hedley.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women or received so many genuine testimonials as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been benefited by it, or has friends who have. In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., any woman any day may see the files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they openly state over their own signatures that they were cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made from roots and herbs, without drugs, and is wholesome and harmless.

The reason why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the feminine organism, restoring it to a healthy normal condition.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.